

Boston, Sept. 23, 1853.

My Dear Friend:

124 Your letter of the 21st has just been received, and I have barely time to write a few words, before the mail closes.

I must give up all hope of being at the Rescue celebration, and therefore cannot be with you on the evening of the 30th, according to your desire. I trust, however, that Lucy Stone will deliver an address on that evening, and she will need no aid from any quarter.

The most I can hope to do is to leave Boston on Saturday, the 1st Oct., and arrive at Syracuse by the midnight train; in which case, I will spend the Sunday with you, and perhaps, if it be thought desirable, lecture in the evening; though, after Lucy's meetings, and the Rescue meetings, it would be "carrying coals to Newcastle." It is quite probable, however, that I shall not be able to start till Monday, the 3rd, though I shall

make strenuous efforts to leave on Saturday, in order to make my journey to the West less hurried and fatiguing.

I am sorry there has been any confusion about our semi-annual meeting; but, in view of the Decade meeting in Philadelphia, we have done wisely, I think, to omit ^{it} altogether. Next year, we will endeavor to hold ^{it} at Syracuse, without fail.

I see our brave and noble friend, Gerrit Smith, means to "beard the lion in his den"—in other words, to "agitate, agitate, agitate," in the very presence of the judiciary and the teeth of the Government. That is the way to do battle for the Lord, and to make tyranny bite the dust. I wish I could be at Canandaigua.

With Douglass, the die seems to be cast. I lament the schism, but it is unavoidable.

Yours, with my whole soul,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Rev. S. J. May.

Garrison
Sep 23, 53